

## After the NATO Conference

we fled to the Italian countryside,  
renting boats to float a cool, hushed  
steam. It was achingly beautiful under

willows, occasional buffets of hot  
perfumes off floral banks. Pairing  
off had been accomplished,

though you won't find much pretty  
at these ranks. Majesty's arch-  
est colonel paddled on alone to

a breathless spot, stood  
in perfect balance and

jerked off, little  
plops in placidity.